ANIMAL CHILDREN

THE FRIENDS OF THE FOREST AND THE PLAIN.

EDITH BROWN KIRKWOOD

ILLUSTRATIONS
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Kids Animal Pals Volume 1
This is a children's zoological work
Based on the public domain book
"Animal Children - The Friends of the Forest and the Plain"
By Edith Brown Kirkwood
With illustrations by
M. T. Ross

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Sometimes I am so sorry that my papa is a king,
It's really most annoying and hurts like everything
To have the little girls and boys all want to run away,
For if I am a Lion prince, I'm a baby, anyway!

Some jungle boys, by mischief made quite bold,
Once took the baby Tiger, so we're told,
And in broad stripes they smeared his coat so fine,
And 'round his neck they hung a "Fresh Paint" sign.

This monkey thought the Leopard's spots
Were pasted on for polka-dots,
He asked her how much it would cost
New ones to buy if those were lost.

In her red and white gown Miss Weasel's so pert
We are very afraid she's a gay little flirt;
She is fearful of no one—beast, reptile or man,
Just winks and cries gaily: "Catch me, if you can."

This dapper young chappy is Dude Ocelot,
With coat trimmed in many a dash and a spot;
He's graceful and elegant, sly, too, as well,
Just what he'll do next no one ever can tell.

The chetah is a great big cat
But very quick, for all of that,
She's cunning but she's gentle, too,
And if you're good she's good to you.

The little Bobcat and Canadian Lynx
Just must be related (so everyone thinks).
Except for their ears they're alike as two pins,
And look every whit as if they were twins.

A dainty, fastidious man is Lord Otter
Who can live just as well on land as in water,
He'll eat but the flakiest part of a fish,
And this he considers his favorite dish.

**"It really is a bother to be sought by everyone"
The vain young Ermine boasted. "Why, it keeps me on the run. To get away from kings and queens and peers and ladies great. It truly gets me all fussed up and in a dreadful state."**

Young ferret, detective, said: "I'll show you where
To track the bold rabbit right into his lair."
Then he never saw bunny right under his eyes,
But went swaggering off looking wondrously wise.

"Now, Johnnie, my child," said wise Mamma Sable,
"When you see a trap run as fast as you're able,
Or else, ere you know it, your skin will be gone
As a beautiful fur for some lady to don."

Mother opossum says she'd like to ask
Just why other mothers should find it a task
To care for one baby. Why, here she has four,
And there's plenty of room on her tail for some more!

Mr. and Mrs. Mongoose are popular as can be,
The reason being very plain, as you will all agree,
They are cunning and affectionate and clean and very nice,
They kill all snakes and insects and naughty rats and mice.

It must be very easy for the busy Beaver mother
To feed the Beaver sister and her little Beaver brother,
For when they beg: "We're hungry, give us something to eat, please!"
She sends them off to nibble at the bark of the big trees.

The puma is a bandit who'll not meet you face to face. But waits to spring upon you from some well-hidden place. He'll strike you when your back is turned, but away he's sure to fly. If you should turn to look him right squarely in the eye.

Lemur stays in bed all day
And waits until the night to play;
That's why his soft feet make no sound
And why his eyes are big and round.

The bowery boy of the woods is young Mink,
His coat is so lovely one never would think
That'd he do naughty things, but we've often been told
He is tricky and wicked and saucy and bold.

"I'm not so very big around and not great as to length, But one thing Peccaries have learned—in numbers there is strength.
Now, if you do not bother me I will not bother you, But all my friends and family will help me if you do."

Who is this boy in clothes so neat? Young Springbok, Africa's athlete. He lives up in the mountains tall, And as a jumper beats them all.

The Long-Eared Bat and the Flying Fox and the Flying Squirrel, too,
Decided to give an aero-meet just to show what they could do.
So they formed a club and went around and invited everyone,
Then up they flew and did their stunts, and had a lot of fun.

She is dainty as snowdrops that fall from the skies,
Is this dear little Kitten with bright, shiny eyes
And velvety ears and pretty pink nose
And lovely white suit of soft, furry clothes.

Baby raccoon takes all his food and goes straight to the pool,
He eats not one small bite of it until it's wet and cool.
Now, although you may think this strange and stop to wonder why,
He, no doubt, thinks it just as queer for you to like yours dry.

The greatest of travelers that one can meet
Is the little Deer-mouse with the pretty white feet;
North, south, east or west she will go at her will,
And never, no never, is known to keep still.

The baby zebra ne'er should roam
So very far away from home,
Lest someone, thinking her striped gown
Was candy-stick, might eat her down.

"I'm stopping for a moment just to say 'How-do-you-do?'
I've just been decorated with this ribbon of deep blue
Because of all the gracefulness with which I trot and prance—
No wonder that you give Sir Horse your most admiring glance!"

This tale is not so very new,
And, no doubt, has been told to you,
But Donkey went to school to play,
And now he sits dressed up this way.

Here is the only baby who never makes a noise (Which must be very puzzling to little girls and boys). Yet the Giraffe is happy 'though he cannot shout or sing, For with that great long neck of his he can reach anything.

The tapir feeds on leaves and fruit
He's very, very hard to suit,
For boys who don't like bread and meat
Have to find other things to eat.

He has climbed to the top of a rocky throne
To look down on a land once so proudly his own,
His people are scattered, he has no place to go,
He is weary and sad, poor King Buffalo.

"Lemonade, lemonade," the bold monkey cried,
"It's only five cents, and it's cooling beside."
Miss Camel just sniffed and tossed high her head,—
"I drink only every nine days, sir," she said.

Milk or meat or leather for shoes,—
Almost anything that we choose,—
We'll find the good Cow gives with joy
To every nice little girl and boy.

I wonder where the names come from (I'm sure that you do, too).
For instance, there's the animal that has been called the Gnu.
His race is just as strange, too, for no one seems to know
Just what he is—an antelope, horse, bull or buffalo.

Big moose came boldly from behind the tall trees,
And said in loud voice: "Who called, if you please?
I'm ready to meet any one who says 'Fight,'
But we'll come in the open and do the thing right."

I am not sure I'd care to meet
This Big Horn Goat upon the street.
Not when his eyes and smile and air
Just seem to shout: "Come, if you dare!'

Brave soldier ibex stalks before the mountain fortress high,
And watches eagerly to note a stranger passing by.
"Who's there?" he calls, and to his friends he whistles the alarm,
And off they go to mountain tops where they are safe from harm.

The chamois lives in the mountains high,
He's ever and ever and ever so spry;
He leaps and he plays with never a fall—
I'm sure that you never could do that at all.

Billy Goat and Nanny Goat went out one day to tea.
They promised Mother Goat they'd be good as they could be,
But on the way they passed some goats who cried:
"Oh, see the dude!"
And then they had to go back home for Billy
got real rude.

Her coat is soft as velvet, of a lovely yellow-brown,
With a bit of fawn for trimming and a lining white as down.
Her eyes are large and kindly, she is gentle, too, as well,
You would love a little playmate as sweet as Miss Gazelle.

A sturdy young American is Rocky Mountain Goat With big, strong horns upon his head, and shaggy, furry coat; He loves to scramble over rocks or leap a mountain brook, And should you chase him he will fly into his hidden nook.

"We reindeer come straight from your own Santa Claus,
In our gallop of joy we never will pause;
We eat from the mountain-tops, drink from the dells,
And use for our skipping-ropes merry sleigh-bells."

A large and handsome personage is the Most Noble Yak,
His mantle is a fringe of hair that drapes his sides and back;
He's very, very grand, indeed, when he stands up, you see—
In fact, he's just as noble as a noble ought to be.

About the Author

Larry W Jones is a songwriter, having penned over 7,700 song lyrics. Published in 22 volumes of island themed, country, cowboy, western and bluegrass songs. The entire assemblage is the world's largest collection of lyrics written by an individual songwriter.

As a wrangler on the "Great American Horse Drive", at age 68, he assisted in driving 800 half-wild horses 62 miles in two days, from Winter pasture grounds in far NW Colorado to the Big Gulch Ranch outside of Craig Colorado.

His book, "The Oldest Greenhorn", chronicles the adventures and perils in earning the "Gate-to-Gate" trophy belt buckle the hard way.

Other short story books include:

A Squirrel Named Julie and The Fox Ridge Fox
The Painting Of A Dream
The Boy With Green Thumbs and The Wild Tree Man
Red Cloud – Chief Of the Sioux
Spotted Tail – The Orphan Negotiator
Little Crow – The Fur Trapper's Patron
Chief Gall – The Strategist
Crazy Horse – The Vision Quest Warrior
Sitting Bull - The Powder River Power
Rain-In-The-Face – The Setting Sun Brave
Two Strike – The Lakota Club Fighter
Chief American Horse – The Oglala Councilor
Chief Dull Knife – The Sharp-Witted Cheyenne
Chief Joseph – Retreat From Grande Ronde
The Oregon Trail Orphans
Kids In Bloom Volume 1
Kids In Bloom Volume 2
Up and Over – A Hike In The Rockies

All his publications are available on Lulu.com.